

shewn, that your literary labours are equally adverse and contradictory to each other in every *fundamental principle*: There is scarcely a sentiment or opinion in your *Reflections* on the French Revolution that is not a direct contradiction of yourself in the "*Thoughts on the present Discontents*," and others of your earlier productions; so that all those who wish to be guided by your judgment, must be at a loss to determine which to *believe* as that which is *really* and *fundamentally* the *true one*. If it be admitted that you were once a man of great *science*, it appears to me that your labours, instead of *services* to the age in which you live, or to posterity, must be productive of the deepest *injury*; for, taken together, they will exhibit a huge and monstrous mass of deformity, consisting of *self-interested cunning*—*hypocritical*, time-serving *tergiversation*—ending, at last, in the most barefaced and unqualified *apostacy* that ever disgraced and blotted the page of history, in the recorded annals of the most corrupt and degenerate nations which have in point of time preceded us.

"Monstrum ! horrendum ! informe ! ingens !"

I flatter myself, also, that I have shewn, more forcibly than you have shewn to the contrary, that the original ancestor, in point of title I mean, of the illustrious House of RUSSAL, did not receive his "profuse grants," as you call them, from being the *pander*, or *minion*, or *jackal*?, of

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